For The Tribune THE DREAM BY BLMIRA WALDO CAREY

ALL night a pleasing music Fell softly on my ear: The tender thyme you gave me Had never seemed so dear

A thousand times I'd read it, When the mern was shiping clear, But in my waking moments It never seemed so dear Even in my daily visions

The words were sweet to hear: Yet till I dreamed them in my dreams. They never seemed so dear

For then I felt no weak distrust, No foolish maiden fear; And your poem's words of promise Had never seemed so dear.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HUNTER NATURALIST. ROMANCE O BPORTING; OR, WILD SCENES AND WILD HUNTER BP C. W. WEIDER, Svo. pp. 610. (Published & Subscription.) Ph.1 G. W. Bradley. Mr. Webber has already acquired an hon-

orable position in American literature by his contributions to various periodicals, and his graphic narratives of frontier life, in "Old Hicks the Guide," "Gold Mines of the Gila," and other productions of his pen, all of which possess a strong individuality, and could have proceeded from no other source than genuine personal experience. The author is most at home in the heart of the forest. His native love of adventure urges him to intimacy with the wildest natural scenes. With the imagination of a poet, the eye of an artist, and the skill in wood-craft of an Indian, he has traversed the most romantic passages of the mountain and prairie, storing his memory with incidents of peril, and returning enriched with the treasures of the wilderness In his hands these materials are invaluable. He has wrought them into the texture of his book with something more than artistic dexterity. His pictures seem not only life-like, but alive. This constitutes the great charm of his descriptions. Instead of bringing the scene before you, in your usual environment, leaving you to contemplate it at your leisure, he rather transports you bodily among his wild beasts and Indians, making you share the fierce delight of the chase or the combat, bringing you in at the death of many a noble quarry, and leading you on many a breathless trail through the savage woods. Combined with his uncommon power of narrative, Mr. Webber exhibits a turn for subtle and often pathetic reflection, which is not usually connected with a passion for out-door tife. He delights to trace the secret analogies and correspondences by which the heart of man is bound to Nature. He is a practical Wordsworthian, finding in the depths of the forest, suggestions for thoughts which " he too deep for tears." Here certainly are the elements for a unique composition. The author has done justice to them in the present volume. It is adapted to be read with equal gratification by the sportsman, the naturalist, the poet, and the lover of desperate adventures. We have only one fault to find with Mr. Webber, and that is the profusion with which he quotes from other wri-

BIRD, BEAST AND HUNTER The air is filled with birds that fly, and

ters. Even the charming extracts from Audubon

are carried to excess. They swell the volume

to an inconvenient size, and deprive us of the

original descriptions which we had a right to ex-

pect from the author himself. His own writing

in this volume would form a most attractive

work, and exciting as are the scenes which he

gives from older hunters than himself, we would

gladly dispense with them in the present shape.

But we will not delay to give our readers a spe-

cimen of the metaphysical backwoodsman, intro-

ducing our selections with a passage which may

be deemed a Swedenborgian rhapsody on the re-

The air is filled with birds that fly, and are pursued by bird and beast. The earth, with beasts that run, and are pursued by beast and bird, while man, in a world of pursuers and pursued, is chief hunter of them ail!

Whatever may have been the case in primeval times, it certainly seems very natural now that our relations to the fiving creatures by which we are surrounded should be mainly those of hunter and the hunted; and that these relations should be most immediate to bird and beast seems equally of course, since they more nearly approach us on the ascending scale of being. But these most intimate relations ing scale of being. But these most intimate relations to the life below us express far more than is conveyed in mere consangularly, for they are each separate and living types of our compounded selves.

Thus we see in the bird the type of our intellect—of the soul. We feel that they address the imagina-

to a, appeal to what is exulting and exaiting in us—
to "the aspiration in our heels."
The beast, on the other hand, is the type of our
sensious life—it appeals to our material and tower
simpulses. It prefigures and embodies individually
those purely physical attributes which we find expressed in man the Micrososm. In a word, quadruneds are the indirect of our passions which belong rupeds are the indices of our passions which to sense; and birds, of our passions which belong to soul. The bird has wings, and like thought, triumphs over time and space. It lives in the pure ether, and all its modes and associations are apparently those of the soul's life.

"As brits within the wind,
As fish within the wave,
As the though of an 'so on mind.
Floo's through all above the grave."

Even the impulses of the brid are 15 ose of cold and clear intellection. When "strikes it kills the line of appetite knows no patise, the strikes and he in the prey, to gloat upon its asset. and clear intellection. When "sirkes it kills the quick, fierce, promptime" of appetite knows no pause it never dailues "in the prey, to gloat upon its agonies and he at a hunger on the sireggles of fear in the effer, as to escape, as do the folines and many other of the quadropeds. With it to feel is to do, and to do quickly. Year, end, vic. Is the accepted motto of fiery, keen, victorious thought. They are the victoria and ignoble sluggards of action that creep to conquer. The beast is crushed by its grossness, and in its highest moods is a crawler with its belly in the dust. Even in the exolitings of its passion, in the murderous bound upon its prey, it must shake the earth from its claws. It is indeed, "of the earth, earthy," and associated with the baseness and low-liness of fifth and dirt. However nice it may be, however intact of the habitual soil it may keep its pelage, yet are its appetites thirsty for blood like the absorbing earth. Its passions lingering, deadly, but sure as the revolving seasons. Birds do not linger so. When they strike, it is for the death, and then, with no pause between they swallow. Sometimes, as with many of the fishers, they do not even tarry that they may tear their prey, but deglutate alive.

As with the higher intellection, alimentation seems with the bird rather a means than an end. Life has higher blisses for them, and they cat to live, while the animal but lives to cat. The joy of wings, of sunshine and of singing, of battle with the wind and storms, of rocking on the wave of forest-tops, or swinging with the cound of waters, is with the bird the nobler purpose, while the beast must lick its thirsty chops forever, and with balled tye glare always the insatiate fust of ravin through the smiles of peaceful nature.

peaceful nature!
With all this we have to confess that as yet the beast more closely approximates our sympathies, appeals to us through more numerous traits of consunguinity than the bird. This, though honest, and sufficiently honorable to us, is nevertheless most humiliating to a transcendental pride.

But there is real life and no mistake in the fol-

lowing description of a DEER HUNT ON THE PRAIRIES

The deer of the Prairies is a very swift variety with smaller antiers than the common buck of our forests bears. We stationed ourselves some of our forests bears. We stationed ourselves some half a mile distant in the prairie on fleet horses, some who were most shilled with the common "lasso" of the country, and others with our holster pistols, as in my own case. A negro "driver," as he is called, was then sent in with dogs on the opposite side of the wood to drive the deer out upon the plain for, contrary to the usage of the common deer, this creature of the plains makes always for open ground directly when pursued, and we awaiting their exit chased them by sight on our horses. We had but hittle time to wait, for within twenty minutes out burst a numerous herd. It was a splendid sight as they came plunging into the long grass and sunshine, they came plunging into the long grass and sunshine, out from the dark shadows suddenly, with their white threats, their "anilered pride" thrown back, and round ears laid sharp behind to hearken the parsuing cry of "bell-moutaed" hound. It is one of the most exciting scenes I knew in the sports of our

We reined up our horses for the start; bending forward with eager eye and bounding pulse to wait the instant when they should have passed as on their

way into the illimitable plain upon which they trust to their flying feet for safety. But though those tany boofs be fleet enough to leave the Rei Wolf far behind, or dart beyond the agile panther's leap, yet our good steeds, that champ and plunge impatiently, are far more fleet than they. Now they ge bounding by with long, high leaps over the tail, embarrassing grass, and seem as if they half wore wings and were afraid to use them. Now, too, with a wild shout of pent-up excitement, we are off on the chase, each man selecting his special prey. There is little use for the whip and spur in this hunt, for when a horse has once tasted its fierce and headlong pleasures, he needs no other stimulant after. They, like their riders, become furious with the excitement, and sometimes will but the poor animal when they come up with it after a long chase.

The broad, white tails of the deer produce a droll effect as they rise and fall along the surface of the grass, and serve as a sort of fluttering beacon to the eye in the early part of the run for, when they, a first sight of you, fairly straighten themselves in their frightened speed, they leave horse and rider far enough behind, but this coes not last iong, they are very fat at this season, the fall and do not hold out at this rate. They soon begin to flag from the heat and dragging weight of the grass, which is now nearly as high as their backs. We gradually close upon them, and the herd begins to break up, scattering here and there and everywhere. Your eye bas become fixed upon a particular one, a noble buck,

nearly as high as their backs. We gradually close upon them, and the herd begins to break up, scattering here and there and everywhere. Your eye has become fixed upon a particular one, a noble buck, whose powerful form has attracted you. Your horse has caught the same object, and divines you well as he turns his head to follow it, without regard to the course taken by the rest.

Now the excitement becomes a delirium of action; and as you find yourself further separated from the other sounds of the chase, your own individual passions become more and more intensified upon the immediate object before you, and you rush on, you know not whither. My game on this day proved to be much more long winded and powerful than usual, and I had, as the consequence a tremendous race of it before i began to gain very rapidly upon its flight. At length the buck began to make leaps a little less long and high, and my horse, by this time thoroughly heated in the run, to snort with eageness as he let out an additional link or two of speed. I closed rapidly with the quarry, and loosened my holsters for the shot which was to close the scene. Now my horse, with ears laid back, close up alongsize, and with trembling haste the pistol is smatched from the holster. With all its desperate

speed. I closed rapidly with the quarry, and loosened my holters for the shot which was to close the scene. Now my horse, with ears laid back, closes up alongsize, and with trembling haste the pistol is snatched from the holter. With all its desperate speed we almost touch the hair with the muzzle before we fire—between the shoulders—and it is down —tumbing, in the impulse of its flight, forward with brokenzees best blueath the body.

It is over: We are silent and still. The bloody work is finished, and I look around for the first time to see where I am or what is in sight. I am amongst a wild Archipelago or stands, or "motis" of timber, with long, arregolar withs stretching between them in all directions. My victim lies at my feet quiet enough now. The strong breeze cools my heated forchead. The hush is profound at first, for every voice of nature has been frightened into silence by the violent scene which had just occurred to descerate a peaceful home, but gradually, before my confused sense has time to realize the scene, the rap, rap, rapping of a wood-pecker's hammer stole timidly out from the nearest "mott," and then sound after sound, resumed in the same low key, he situated for the first through ust now so appalled.

I gazed around—with something of the dim confused perception of one awakening from the deep sleep of topubled dream—into the lengthening vistas

I perception of one awakening from the deep of troubled dream—into the lengthening vistas fused perception of one awakening from the deep sleep of troubled dream—into the lengthening vistas stretching by uncertain gimpses into remotest distance—when gradually the overwheiming realization of the vastness came upon me, and then the shuddering consciousness that I was lost !—as utterly lost as if I had just dropped upon the planet from the moon, with a piece of green cheese in my fist. I had lost all idea of course, distance, or time during the chase, and now was completely "turned round." I immediately feit the full dangers of my situation. I knew the direction in which we had started, but knew, too, as well, that from the numerous turns the chase had taken, that I could no more tell which way to start back than if I had been physically blind, as I had, in fact, been mentally so.

I had imprudently come out without a pocket compass, and was a young woodsman lost upon strange plains. I did not know enough of the geography of the country to render what knowledge I had of natural signs of any avail to me here. I was in a word, sufficiently panie-struck to act more like the inexperienced person that I was, than with the self-possession these circumstances so much required. My

rienced person that I was, than with the scit-posses sion these circumstances so much required. M heart boat very loud and fact as I wheeled my horse sion these circumstances so much required. My heart beat very leud and fast as I wheeled my horse, and with a suitry feeling of recklessness, spurred him into one of the narrow openings, without stopping one moment to consider which way or whither it should lead me. The poor deer I left upon the spot where it fell, for I was too much startled to think of dissecting it now—since, of all the terrible fates that could ever befall a human being, this of being lost in such a country, had always been most formidable to me.

I had known of so many instances of terrible suffering and dreary death from such a cause, at this early time,—when even individual settlements were sometimes eighty or a hundred miles apart in the direction of Gaiveston, and none in the opposite direction for thousands,—that now the chill revulsion seemed first like present annihilation, and then like such remote and undefined suffering as was far more formidable, so I urged on vaguely—hoping nothing, trusting nothing, but simply asking for action to distract—and a crisisto end the suspense.

My horse apparently sympathized with my terror and despair, for he rushed on with a frightened speed, which at any other time would have been frightful, but now was only congenial. I recognized no object that we passed—each melied into the other, forming on either hand a sort of back-running liquefaction of mountain and tree, of plain and sky, that seemed to be keeping time with any motion. I was ricing through a dim land, where nothing looked real but all infinite—where the end was I did not know.

was riding through a dim land, where nothing look-ed real but all infinite—where the end was I did not

knw.

It was not long before I gained the open plain, upon which there was, indeed, nothing but grass and herizon, but which appeared to me the wide end of all things. It was like galloping on clouds toward the moon or "the jumping off place"—the distance scened so inappreciable, yet I urged on. The grass sparrow chirped and flitted, I suppose,—the dear three loved to stare no doubt—the partiage. grass sparrow chirped and fitted, I suppose, the Geer turned round to stare, no doubt, the partridge coared its sudden under-bass of wings and skimmed away, bending the grass tops with its windy whirr, for all I know, but yet I saw them not but as we see swift shadows in a stormy dream. I shouled like a crazy man.

crazy man.
I fired my other pistol in the air, in the hope that some of the party of hunters might hear ti-then I paused to listen. My frightened and impatient horse paused to listen. My frightened and impatient norse would chafe and plunge for a moment, and again, as if divining why I paused, would be still as death, and now with procked cars, pointed stiffly here and there, seem listening round him for a sound—and then would shuff the breeze with his wide, eager nostrils, and with an impulse, headleng and impatient as my own bound onward as the steady, winging raven that colored, over head, our course, croaked an answer that sounded so like self-congratulation

an answer that sounded so like self-congratulation.

Away ' away ' away ' and still no sight—and still no sound that came to us with any promise—a herd of mustangs would scurry off, snorting as we passed—a squad of buffaloes, wheeling sharp about, and like hogsheads inspired of hoots, with tails stuck straight in sir, so immeer away over the shaking plain—but nothing like human form appeared. The first madness had passed off—the instinct of the love of life had assumed its place, and the blurred vision had become intensified by the sharpening apprehension which the physical brought, of thirst, hunger and exhaustion.

I saw objects clearly now. Every line in the horizon was distinctly defined, and conveyed to me a sort of hope. All things, indeed, took their relations again, and I was unfrightened into calm. I knew my danger, in detail, and saw every blade of grass that marked my way towards—what! I heard the odd ejaculathen of the long-necked blue cranes explode upon the silence like a distant pistol shot—I saw the flowers bend, and the meadow lark, with its dark feather-heart outside its musical breast, bound up from the grass with its low fluttering flight, to sing on wing most sweetly, of all joy, though filled with fear. The very sand rat that had darted with a faint squeak to its hole. I saw peep forth again as I went past, so minutely did my vision take in everything now. i saw objects clearly now. Every line in the hori-

I had ridden on for several hours, the country at I had ridden on for several hours, the country at each moment becoming still more strange. There were no objects in which I could detect the slightest degree of familiarity—my horse was beginning to fail, and dreading lest he would give out beneath me, treined him up. This would, indeed, be a fait too terrible to contemplate—being left on foot in the mosts of these great plains? I got down and stroked his parting sides and walked with him for an hour, until be seemed to be regaining his strents somewhat, for the morning's work had been tremendous, as I in my unrecking despair, had kept him urged to nearly the top of his speed during this foolish ride—Portunately, he was one of those game and indomfortunately, he was one of those game and indom-table horses formed by crossing the mustang, which is an Arab, upon the larger-bonet Northern horse,

had supposed that my only chance of escape las in keeping one direction, for, that circling commen-ced, each turn made lessened the chances. But now that I came to reason somewhat coolly about my po-sition, it became apparent to me, that in this time I had, in pursuing this straight line, passed over more then treble the possible distance to the plantation of my friend, and that, of course, I must therefore either my friend, and that, of course, I must herefore either have taken the wrong direction or have passed it without observing. Then commenced that fatal series of doubts, fears, surmises, traits, in this and that direction, which is usually the indication of syncope in this disease of getting lost. Each failure only bewilders you the more—each turn makes "confusion worse confounded." But, neverthelers, some change had become necessary. I might be every moment going away from the reach of help—getting deeper and deeper into the trackless waste! But which way shall I turn. I now remembered, for the first time, that I had failed to trust any thing to my horse in choosing my direction.

in choosing my direction.

If I had done so in the first place, the chances were that the extraordinary instinct possessed by many of these animals, would have sairred me right. I have, in frequent instances, found this instinct infaithle, especially when the animal was closely

cressed upon the Arab blood. That noble race, which bore the earliest children of Ham in the chase across tre shifting deserts, inherits all the strange listing its with regard to courses and distances, which the wild with regard to courses and distances, which the wild and pertious uses of their hunter-lords developed in them, through the centuries which have developed as well our civilization. They are, therefore, best suited until the canal comes, to traverse with secu-rity the "unboused wilderness" of the great South-west. That wonderful animal has not yet been in-troduced upon these plains, although much has been done by myself and others to awaken public atten-tion to its importance. Such an advent will entirely revolutionize the commerce and travel of the plains. The camel must carry our civilization over those The camel must carry our civilization over these deserts, as it has brought that of the ancient East up

deserts, as it has brought that of the ancient East upon its uncouth back towards the triumphing West.

I stopped my horse entirely, and dropping the reins
upon his back, urged him slightly with my spursvery slightly. When he found himself free, he shock
his head to realize it and then, stopping, turned his
gaze around and around him several times—but yet
he seemed to be bewildered, and only moved hesitatingly, first in this direction and then in that. If he
had taken his course at once, I should have felt
some hope—but my heart sank in me as I saw from
his manner that he felt what was expected of him,
but had become confused. Had he taken any parhis manner that he felt what was expected of him, but had become confused. Had he taken any particular direction and pursued it steadily, with accelerated speed, I should have been entirely secure, because then I would have been impressed that he knew he was right, and could ultimately bear us turough. His hesitation, however, convinced me that I was as utterly lost as ever indeterless ship, without a compass, was upon a shoreless sea—but yet I felt, too, that I had better trust to him than to myself. My imagination had confused me, while physical exhaustion had rendered his instinct too insecure.

He was evidently as afraid of being trusted as I to trust. However, after a pause of a few moments, he moved on, turning back nearly in the direction we had come. At first I was pleased with this selection, as it seemed to indicate the possible truth of my own surmise, that I had started nearly right, but had passed the plantition. This poor consolation, however, did not outlive the approach of night, which come in heavy shadows, portending a storm, such as thunders and rages along these southern plans op-axionally. My miserable horse was now nearly thunders and rages along these southern plants or-casionally. My miserable horse was now nearly exhausted and staggered as he dragged his limbs heavily through the high grass. We were still in the prairie with nothing around us but the great ocean of grass, which was beginning to toss and sway with the advance winds of the coming tornado. The black heaven of clouds came rolling up out of the countriests and stready I felt the cold breath

of the nouth-east, and already I felt the cold breath that drove it on, dash with a fresh heavy chill against my face, like the spray of a cataract. The rush and roar that followed left me no time for thought. In a moment, horse and man were prostrate, helpless above the claim.

a moment, horse and man were prostrate, helpless along the plain.

Such crashes — such tremendous claps— such sheeting the hortzon with swift piercing blazes—such beating, crushing floods, that but seemed a botter medium to transmit the mighty clanger hurled around by the strong wind, with vast black clouds that dipped and spun like flakes of ebon down, or sudden fire above! Such an image of sublimest anatchy never before came to overwhelm an aiready despetate, wearied, and starving wanderer. I clutched at the strong rooted grass in the blindness of my astourd, and knew rot, in the horrid tumuit, that my horse had fallen upon my leg.

astourd, and knew rot, in the horrie bundle, horse had failen upon my leg.

I was so stunned that I did not feel the pain. I tried to look up to understand the awful clamor.—Was the last day come! Had some god descended in the terror of his might! A keen shaft, in clattering zigzag, would pierce the chaos, blinding as it illuminated. The crashing of torn limbs, caught up mites away, and projected with the flooding rain—the stifling grass-tops, torn and hurled into my face—the the hellowing moan of frightened buffaloes—the the believing mean of frightened buffaloes—the shaking trample of their struggling feet, all came commungled, as the only interludes to my confused

senses.

My horse, at last, as terror-stricken as myself, bursi forth, while he lay writhing upon my crushed leg, into a wild and strangely harrowing cry-peculiar to these animals when overcome by panic—and which now rose a weird strick of agony into the tempest. I had never heard it before, and could not this know its source; and the sudden coming of this shrill and unimaginable cry so close to my head, had an effect of the supernatural so absolutely appalling, that I fainted, and remember nothing more until the steady brazing of the early sunlight upon my eves waked me to a sense of pain, weakness, and aston-ishment, amounting almost to fright—for stooping over me was one of the most unexpectedly strange figures that it had ever been my fortune yet to en-

"He's coming-to-the poor boy!"

This was spoken in a tone that startled me for some reason—I did not know what—entirely apart from the circunstances, and the unexpectedness of hearing a human voice at all, after and amidst such screes. I tooked up. What a face! Storm-seamed and bronzed, it was clearly a woman's bust—a woman's face!—that leaned over and looked kindly down upon me from beneath a sort of half cap and half haed of fawn's skin, with the spotted hair turned out.

EXECUTES AND STATISTICS OF CINCINNATI IN 1851, by CHARLES CIST. Wm. H. Moore & Co., 1200.

This is a new edition of a well-known similar volume by the author published ten years since, with large additions and improvements, posting up the work to the present time. It contoms a full account of the manufacturing and industrial statistics of the Queen City-a summary view of its commerce-a description of its medical topography, meteorology, &c .- a highly gratifying survey of its institutions for education, science, literature, and the fine arts-and persound anacciotes of individuals, who have been selected as types of the industrial and professional classes-men who, by industry, energy, integrity, perseverance, and business talent, have achieved the position at the head of their respective classes which they now occupy. A great variety of miscellaneous matter is introduced into the volume, making it altogether one of the most readable and entertaining works of the kind which have ever fallen into our hands.

Mr. Cist has collected with great care everything relating to the manufacturing industry of Cincinnati, which constitutes more than one-half the business operations of the city, and affords not less than three-fourths of the profits of all industrial branches. The raw material consumed in manufactures does not exceed 54 per cent, of the entire value of the industrial projucts of Cincinnati-that is to say, thirty out of fifty-five millions of dollars, leaving 46 per cent . or more than \$25,000,000, as the revenue from this department of business.

The population of Cincinnati, by the census of 18:0, is over 115,000, which Mr. Cist distributes into a number of decidedly curious categories of occupations, trades, and pursuits. We find, for instance, 950 boatmen, 1,583 clerks, 97 clergymen, 26 editors, 61 farriers, 11 gentlemen, 7,864 laborers, 1 loafer, 672 butchers, 2 speculators, 42 thieves, and 22 wood-sawvers.

The biographical sketches of several of the leading Cincippati celebrities which are found in this volume form one of its most attractive features. We take from these a portion of the biography of a distinguished citizen, who is more extensively known at a distance as the successful-cultivator of the grape than as the builder of one of the most gigantic fortunes in the United

NICROLAS LONGWORTH

Nicholas Longworth, the subject of this memoir, was born in Newark, N. J., on the 16th of January, 1783. He came to timetimath which has been his residence ever since, in May, 1804. He engaged at once in reading and studying law in the ofbeen his residence ever since, in May, 1804. He engaged at once in reading and studying law in the office of Judge Burnett, then and always the first law-yer in the city, in point of ability and standing, and after a briefer space than would now be allowed by the courts, was, admitted to the bar. He followed his law practice until 1819, when he left the pursuit of the legal profession to newer or younger members. His carnings and savings had been curing the period alloded to, invested in lands and lots in and adjacent to Cincinnati, under the conviction that no other investment of his funds, would prove so profitable. This may seem insufficient to account for the amount of property he has since accumulated from these investments, but it should be rememberthe amount of property he has since accumulated from these investments, but it should be remember of that property here was held at low values, in early days, many of his city lot purchases having been made for ten dollars or less each. It must also be recollected, that Mr. Longworth was a regular lot ard land dealer, seiling as well as buying, and his profits constantly formshed the means of extending his investments. Nor should it be forgotten, that dealing in property in a rising market, which Cincinnat has always afforded, is a business in which all isgain and rothing loss, differing in this respect from ordinary trade, both in the certainty of profit as well as the security of its debts, which are always wen as the security of its debts, which are always protected by mortgage. As on example of the facility which small amounts, comparatively, secured with has since become of immense value, it may be stated, that Mr. Longworth once received as a legalite, from a feilow accused of horse stealing, and who had nothing cise to give, two second hand copper states. These were in charge of Jori Williams.

who kept a tavern adjacent to the river, and who was a large property holder here in early days. On resenting his order, Mr. Williams told Long worth he could not let the stills go, for he was just building a distillery in Butler County, but he would give him a lot of thirty-three acres on Western Row, in heu of the article. Mr. Longworth, whose view of the value of property/here was always in advance of public opinion, gladly closed with the proposal. These thirty three acres occupied a front on Western Row from Sixth to Seventh street, running western Row from Sixth to Seventh street, running western quantity, and this transaction alone, taking into for quantity, and this transaction alone, taking into vew the prodigious advance in real estate here, would of itself have furnished the basis of an im-

would of itself have furnished the basis of an immense fortune, the naked ground being now worth
rearly two miltons of dollars.

Mr. Longworth west on adding lot to lot, acre to
acre, in this mode, until, although he has sold more
lands and lots than any man in Cinemnati, he is still
the largest landholder in the city.

What Mr. Longworth's property is worth is rather
difficult to determine but as his taxes for 1850 were
upward of seventeen thousand dollars, the largest
sum paid by any individual in the United States,
Whiam B. Astor excepted, whose taxes, for the same
year were twenty-three thousand one hundred and sear were twenty-three thousand one hundred ar

Wham B. Astor excepted, whose taxes, for the same year were twenty three thousand one hundred and stateen dollars, the presumption is, that there are tew individuals of higher reputed wealth in the United States. If, however, he were a man of wealth, and nothing more, this notice would not have appeared in these pages.

Longworth is a problem and a riddle, a problem worthy of the study of those who delight in exploring that laby inth of all that is hidden and mysterious, the human heart, and a riddle to himself and others. He is a wit and a humorist of a high order of keen sagacity and shrewdness in many other respects than in money matters, who can be exact to a dollar, and liberal, when he chooses, with thousands, of marked peculiarity and tenacity in his own opinions, and yet of abundant tolerance to the opinions, however extravagant, of others—a man of great public spirit and sound general judgment. All these things rarely accompany the acquisition and the secumulation of riches.

In addition to all this, it would be difficult to find an individual of his position and standing so perfectly the first proposed.

an individual of his position and standing so perfectly free from pride—in the ordinary sense. He has absolutely none, unless it be the pride of eccentricity. It is no uncommon circumstance for men to become rich by the concentration of time, and labor, and at It is no uncommon circumstance for men to become rich by the concentration of time, and labor, and attention, to some one object of profitable comployment. This is the ordinary phase of money getting, as closing the ear and pocket to applications for aid is that of money saving. Longworth has become a rich man on a different principle. He appears to have started upon the calculation that if he could put any individual in the way of making a dollar for Longworth, and a dollar for himself at the same time, by aiding him with ground for a lot, or in building him a house on it—and if, moreover, he could multiply cases of the kind by hundreds, or perhaps thousands, he would promote his own interests just in the same measure as he was advancing those of others. At the same time, he could not be unconscious, that while their half was subdivided into small possessions, owned by a thousand or more individuals, his half was a vasit, a boundless aggregate, since it was the property of one man alone. The event has dene justice to his sagacity. Hundreds, if not thousands, in and adjacent to Cincinnati, now own houses and lots, and many have become wealthy, who would in all probability have lived and died as tensits under a different state of case.

Mr. Longworth has his own views and his own ways, as regards relief of, and assistance to, the necessitous. That he is governed by conscientious nonives no one ought to doubt, who learns, as he casely may, that Longworth is a supernumerary township trustee, whose office is crowded at regular hours with twenty, thirty, or offer miserable objects, whose cases he examines in o and disposes of at a cost of time and patience, which most men would, ordinarily, not submit to. Renef is then provided for, on a system which protects uself from being made a nears of fostering a houses or menderty. All this is done obviously on principle, stoce he must be a loser pecuniarily, as and as my precious time, by such a course.

sorth is a ready and a racy writer, whose em of thinking and expression is always rich he blends pleasantry and wit with grave argu who blends pleasantry and wit with grave arguments and earnest purposes. His writings on the strawberry and the grape, and his various contributions to the press abound with examples of this kind, recognizable here, as his, at a single glance. His bon-mots and quizzicalities are like his own-sparkling champagne, brilliant and evanescent. Few of these can be referred to on the spur of this occasion, two or three, however, may suffice as a sample, if even interior to the average. They are taken from "Cist's Advertiser," the editor of which relates them upon his own knowledge.

During the war with Mexico, one of our city dailies stated that Mr. Longworth had offered a contribution of ten thousand dollars, as advance pay and equipment of the Ohio volunteers, a large share of which were from Cincinnati—a difficulty having

high were from Cincinnati-a difficulty having risen as to the State of Ohio furnishing the necessawhich were from Cincinnati—a difficulty having arisen as to the State of Ohio formishing the necessary advances. I was somewhat surprised at this, believing Mr. Lorgworth no friend to the war with Mexico, and when I met next him, congratulated him on his public sparit, referring at the same time to the statement in the journals. "Not a word of it true indicated the not a word of it true!" observed Longworth. "I might have said, and believe I did say, that I would give ten thousand doilars as a contribution to a regiment of volunteers, but it was on condition—on the express contingency that I should have the picking out who among our citizens should go, and I believe I would make money by the offer, yet—but recollect, i am to have the say who are to go."

The other day, I had occasion to make up a contribution to relieve the wants of a destitute but deserving widow residing in the Sixth Ward. Among other persons I applied to Longworth. "Who is she!" Do you know her! Is she a deserving object." I assured him that she was, I had good reason, I said, to be lieve that she bore an excellent character, and was doing all in her power to support a level of the state of the power to support a level of the state of the power to support a level of the state of the power to support a level of the state of the power of the

son, I said, to believe that she bore an excession character, and was doing all in her power to support a large family of small children. "Very well, then," said Mr Longworth, "I shan't give a cent. Such persons will always find plenty to relieve them. I shall assist none but the idla, drunken, worthless vagal onds that no one clae will help. If you meet with such cases call upon me." That this was not a will such cases call upon me." That this was not a with such cases call upon me. That this was not a nere pretense I find in the success of an application made here, in behalf of the Mormons, after they had been driven from Illinois. A committee of that peo-ple visited Cincinnati and applied to a friend of mine who said he had no money to give, but wrote a note to Mr. Longworth, in which he stated that he had who said he had no money to give, but wrote a note to Mr. Longworth, in which he stated that he had sent these persons to him, as having a claim on him they not being christians. Mr. Longworth gave them accordingly ten dollars.

A CLASS BOOK OF CHEMISTRY By EDWARD L.

You Mana 12ma pp. 336 D. Appleton & Co. We have rarely met with an elementary scientific treatise which, in clearness, brevity, and freedom from extraneous matters, surpasses the present volume. Without neglecting the n est valuable sources of information, and quoting liberally from recent authorities whenever it suits his purpose, the writer has stamped his materials with the impress of his own mind, giving his work the character of an original production, rather than of a compilation. His statements are admirable for their precision and meatness of expression; in compassing a difficult subject to never fails to perceive the laboring point, and illustrates it to the comprehension of the student in a few simple and well-chosen words. He shows an excellent judgment, no less in his emissions than in his positive teachings Instead of exhausting a topic, by the introduc-tion of details that can be of no interest except to a scientific chemist, he seizes the main features, and presents them in a distinct and intel-ligible light. Having explained the subject in hand, he proceeds straight forward to the next one, without rhetorical flourish. The applications of Chemistry, which are treated at the greatest length in this volume, are judiciously selected. Those relating to the animal economy receive the greatest share of attention, and are illustrated in a lucid and impressive manner. By a happy use of examples, and the description of chemical principles in their familiar relations. the work is relieved from the monotony of a mere text book and made inviting to the general The following passage from the introduction

shows the genuine common-sense of the author. d is a favorable specimen of his general mode

of discussion.
USES OF CHEMICAL SCIENCE Chemistry possesses also great interest from its application to the arts of daily life. It is the object of industry in acting upon the outward world to produce two classes of changes in the materials which it employs. The first are mechanical changes, which influence only the forms of matter as in the operations of cabinet-making and cotton-spinning the second are chamical changes, wrought in the nature of the substances used and altering their properties, as in glass making and tanning. In both these cases the changes which take place are governed by certain fixed principles of laws, to which the workman must conform if he would operate successfully. The principles of mechanics, taught by natural philosophy, are quite generally understood indeed, as this science considers only the relations of masser of matter which readily strike the senses, it was very raturally investigated earlier, and has always been a more popular study than Chemistry, which inquires only concerning the relations of invisible strain. Yet the laws which control chemical action are as unclangeable as those which hold the planets in their places. Chemistry possesses also great interest

them, and no vocation in which they are concerned can be pursued to the best advantage unless they are clearly understood. The farmer, the miner, the metalurgist, the paper-maker, the bleacher, the dyer, the druggist, the soap manufacturer, the painter, and manuferable other craftsmen, are constantly acting upon chemical substances—constantly dealing with chemical laws—and hence, it is clear, require to know what they are. The greatest economy of process and perfection of product can only be obtained where the principles of a manufacture are distinctly comprehended. In such case the skillful operator is enabled to work with the natural laws, and not comprehended. In such case the skillful operator is enabled to work with the natural laws, and not against, or regardless of them. It is said that in civil affairs it is always best to keep the law on our side, but in dealing with nature this is vastly more important; because when natural laws are violated there is no such thing as escaping the penalties.

there is no such thing as escaping the penalties.

A most instructive illustration of the effect of neglecting chemical principles, while those of mechanics are thoroughly understood and applied, is afforced by the present condition of the United States Capitol at Washington. The achitectural beauty and mechanical excellence of that edifice are well known, but the freestone (sandstone) of which it is constructed was selected without due attention to its chemical and physical properties, and is totally unfit for its purpose, being rapidly acted upon and crumbled to dust by the common atmospheric agents. This destructive process has been partially arrested by the free use of paint, but the Secretary of the Interior has informed Congress that this expedient is ineffectual, and that unless scientific men come to the rescue, and invent some new preparation, which, by being applied to the stone, shall completely prothe rescue, and intent some new presentances that be being applied to the stone, shall completely protect it from the action of the air, the whole structure will be reduced to a mound of sand in one. fifth the time that it would last if built of common marble. It is thus seen that chemical principles are involved even in avocations most purely mechanical so that the best reasons exist for making them objects of contents of their contents.

Among the various occupations which require a knowledge of this science to be successfully carried on, that most noble, useful, and universal of all he man pursuits, agriculture, stands prominent. The form is a great laboratory, and all those changes in matter which it is the farmer's chief business to produce are of a chemical nature. He breaks up and pulverizes his soil with plow, harrow, and hoe, for the same reason that the practical chemist powders his minerals with pestle and mortar, namely, to expose the materials more perfectly to the action of chemical agents. The field can only be looked upon as a chemical manufactory, the air, soil, and manures are the farmer's raw materials, and the various forms of vegetation are the products of manufacture. The farmer who raises a bushel of wheat, or a hundred weight of flax, does not fabricate them out of nothing he petforms no minaculous work of creation, but it is by taking a certain definite portion of his raw material and coavering it into new substances through the action of natoral agents, just as those substances are again manufactured in the one case into bread, and in the other into cloth. When a crop is removed from the field, certain substances are taken away from the field, certain substances are taken away from the field. ong the various occupations which require a manufactured in the one case into bread, and in the other into cloth. When a crop is removed from the field, certain substances are taken away from the ground which differ with different kinds of plants, and if the farmer would know exactly what and how much his field loses by each harvest, and how in the cheapest manner that loss may be restored, Chemistry alone is capable of giving him the desired information. To determine the nature and properties of his soil, its adaptation to various plants, and the best methods of improving it, to economize his natural sources of fertility to test the purity and value of commercial manures, and of beds of marl and muck, to mingle composts and adapt them to special crops, to improve the quality of grains and fruits to rear and feed stock, and conduct the dairy in the best manner, farmers require a knowledge of this science. Nor can they, as a class, much longer afford to be without it for it has always been found that the application of scientific principles to any branch of industry puts power into the hands of the intelligent to drive ignorance from the field of competition, so that as discoveries multiply, and information is diffused, those farmers who decine to inquire into the principles which govern their vocation, or who prefer the study of politics to that of agriculture, will have occasion to groan more deeply than ever over the unprofitableness of their business.

Combined with the admirable chemical Chart by Mr. Youmans, of which we have formerly expressed a highly favorable opinion, we know of no treatise which we could recommend to beginners in the study with greater confidence than the present. Its interest, and perhaps its intrinsic value, is enhanced by the fact that, like one or two other important American works, it was prepared during the total or partial blindness

FIFE ROSE OF SHARON, for 1852, edited by Mrs. C. M. SAWVER Boston: A. Tompkins and B. B. Mussey. (Sold by Hallock, Lyon & Co.)

This tasteful religious Annual comes to this season with the variety of interesting entributions and the beautiful and expressive embellishments which have deservedly made it a general favorite. A large proportion of the articles are from the pen of the gifted editress, whose productions, both in prose and verse, are always distinguished by their elegance of expression and their high tone of sentiment. Among the contributors we find the names of A. D. Mayo, D. K. Lee, Mrs. M. A. Livermore, Henry Bacon, E. H. Chapin, and a number of other popular writers. Horace Greeley contributes an article entitled " Spirit and Matter," with reference to the recent "Manifestations," using them however as a text, rather than discussing their nature and source. We take the following passage as an illustration of his views on THE MATERIALISM OF THE PRESENT AGE

Ours is preeminently an age of Material-am. The strices of Physical Science within a few Ours is preeminently an age of Materialism. The strides of Physical Science within a few
years have been gigantic and incessant, and thus far
their results are as a whole unfavorable to implicit
Faith. The Telescope, with its majestic and everlengthening sweep, seems, if I may so express it, to
croud back the Divine Presence farther and still
faither from the orb we inhabit. God no longer
walks in the Garden, conversing face to face with
man. He thinders no more from Sinai nor holds His
court on the summit of Olympus. and to the searching inquiries directed to all accessible, cognizable
portions of the Universe for the dwelling-place of its
Creator and Lord, the chilling answer comes back,
"Not here! Not here!" Meantime the number, importance and power of the intermediary agencies
between mert Matter and quickening Spirit seem
perpetually to increase: Electricity and Magnetism
steadily approximate the rank of demi-gods, and
when at length some dogmatic Comté, some specious
observer and analyzer of the "The Vestiges of
Creation." proclaims to us, as if from the utmost
pinnacle of scientific achievement, the conclusion
that planets, suns, systems, plants, beings, men, are
but inevitable results of a law which yet had no auther, and that intelligence has been slowly, blunderingly, aimlessly evolved from ignorance, soul from
body, thought from dust, as planets, with all their
diverse properties and uses, from one homogeneous,
universally diffused vapor or "fire-mist," our hearts
sink within us as we faiter out the exposiniation.

"O star-eyed Science! has thou wandered there,
To walt us back the message of Despair"

O star-eyed Science | hast thou wandered there, To waft us back the message of Despair !"

To wait us back the message of Despair. These materialist dogmas do not overcome but they try our faith. They do not vanquish our convictions, but they perplex our reason. To our grosser apprehensions, Earth is so near and Heaven so far, Life and Death are so palpable and certain while immortality is so vague and shadowy, that a painful doubt as to the verity of our existence beyond the grave is the unuttered torture of many a mind not wilfully irreligious nor willingly skeptical. Death has so steadily gone forward from a period anterior to History, cutting down all who lived, and removing them entirely and permanently beyond the reach of human cognition—the course of Nature as we see it has been so unvaried and inflexible—the fail and chappearance of the successive generations of men has been so unvaried and inflexible—the fall and chappearance of the successive generations of men on much like that of the annually renewed foliage of the forest—that even Faith hangs trembling over the brink of the grave, and tearfully, dubiously asks, "If a man die shall he live again!" Most of us behave be will, and yet would give very much to know it. The stupendous events, which gave assurance of man's immortality two thousand years ago, seem to fade into indistinctness and uncertainty as generation after generation goes by and Nature pursues her unvarying, uninterrupted round of birth, growth, declay death and (apparent) extinction of being. Since myriads of millions have "died and made no sight" since Christ was received up into

being Since myriads of millions have "died and made no sigh" since Christ was received up into Heaven, men's hearts are not always proof against a distracting suspicion that there may have been mistake in the record, or imperfection in the testimony. "Lord, I believe help thou mane inhelief."

Nay, more 'the general and scornful outery against the verity of the alleged." Spiritual Manifestations "attests the existence of a wide-spread and deeprooted Sadduceeism. The assumption which lay at the basis of this clamor was not that of the insufficiency of the evidence, but that of the essential in-

chery of the evidence, but that of the essential in-crecability if not impossibility of the phenomenon attented. Translated into plain words, the popular sneer amounted to this—"The pretended 'Spiritual Manifestations' are impossible,"—or, we might even say, "because there are no services to "because there are no spirits to manifest them-selves." And yet in no part of the Bible can I recol-lect even an implication that direct intercourse be-tween the Visible and the Unseen worlds was to tween the Visible and the Unseen worms was betterminate with the age of Christ and his Apostles. On the contrary, Christ's discourses and observations seem to me imbued with the constant assumption that the world of Spirits hes very near to the world the contractive sharedness are of Sense, and that only capacity, adaptedness are required to enable us to look and pass through the thin partition which divides them. Let me conclude, then, with an expression of my

carnest hope that, even though the so-called "Spiritual Manifesta, lons" of our day should all be proved brain-sick phantas, es or biasphemsus puggles, it will nevertheless be deen. ed possible, conceivable, dastrable, that some farther, fresher evidence of the verity and individuality or our departed friends entistence in the Spirit World should yet be vouchasfed to Man. Faith needs the assurance, Sorrow the consolation, that such evidence would give, and it may be that, as Astrology opened the heavens to time conquests of Astronomy, Alchemy the earth to the triumphs of Chemistry, and as false Christs preceded and attended the advent of the true Messiah, so imperfect and unreal developments as if from the land of Soulis may in the Providence of God be permitted to hersid and draw attention to real and more fitting manifestations from that Land which are about to be vouchsafed us. The Star in the East would have been unmeaning or else appalling to any but the shepherds who waited and looked for the Messiah; and the sight of the Holy Christ brought goy first to the dim eyes of good old Simeon and others like him who waited but for that vision and were then ready to depart in peace. And to my mind it seems more than reasonable—it seems fitting and logical—that a century which has witnessed such stupendous advances, such amazing transformations, in the material or physical world, should get be rendered equally memorable by some farther developments with regard to the nature and transformations, in the material or physical world, should yet be rendered equally memorable by some farther developments with regard to the nature and conditions of the essential and immortal existence of Man.

"THE HISTORY OF PITTSBURGE," by NEVILLE B. CRAIG .- Every collection of local annals, if tolerably well executed, is an important service to the general history of the country. This volume has the two-fold advantage of possessing an uncommonly interesting subject, and of being prepared with excellent tact and ability. The city of Pitts burgh, which has now a population of 100,000 souls, and a capital of \$50,000,000 invested in manufacturing industry and other branches of business, was less than one hundred years ago exposed to the horrors of Indian warfare, and once within that period was blown up by the French soldiery and burned to the ground. It has twice been captured in war, by turns belonging to Great Britain, France, the United States, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. In October, 1770, Gen. Washington arrived at Pittsburgh on his way to Kanawha, and the first description of the point on which the city now stands was from his pen He estimates the number of houses at that time, outside of Fort Pitt, at about twenty, from which it may be inferred that Pittsburgh then contained, exclusive of the garrison, some hundred and thirty persons, men, women and children, all told. The progress of the town from these small beginnings to its present state of expanding prosperity is well set of materials relating to the subject, and culled from them an array of facts which exhibit in a startling hight the rapid development of Western industry and enterprise. His volume will form an important standard of comparison to future writers, and, like all other property in Pittsburgh, will gain new value with each successive year. (12mo. pp. 312. John II

THE HISTORY OF ROME," by THOS. ARNOLD. A convenient edition of this noble production of scholarship and industry is issued by D Appleton & Co., comprising the three volumes of the original in one large octavo. The work embraces the period from the building of Rome, to nearly the end of the second Punic war, at which epoch it was ter minated by the untimely death of the author. Fol lowing the guidance of Niebuhr, but without im plicitly adopting his conclusions, Dr. Arnold brought to the composition of this history the mature strength of his own finely balanced mind, his rare treasures of classical learning, a spirit of rigorous impartiality, and the command of a grave, earnest and impressive style. It forms an admirable combination of German thoroughness with English discrimination and sobriety, and on the whole may be reckoned one of the most genuine and valuable products of classical tearning in modern times. (8vo. pp. 670.)

CHRISTIAN ASPECTS OF FAITH AND DUTY. DISCOURSES BY JOHN JAMES TAYLOR." (12me. pp. 349. C. S. Francis & Co) This volume consists of a series of profound, meditative and crudite essays, rather than of rhetorical discourses adapted to a popular assembly. Though originally delivered from the pulpit, they demand the careful study of the closet, for their just appreciation. Devoted to some of the loftiest themes of human thought, reasoned with admirable candor and ability, and expressed in a style of uniform elegance and of frequent power, they well merit the attention of thinkers who are seeking a rational basis for the truths of religion.

IF "MEMOIRS OF THE QUEENS OF FRANCE," by Mrs. FORBES BUSH. A work of moderate pretensions in point of ability or skill in compo-. Though written by an admirer of the trappings of royalty, it reveals a frightful picture of the selfishness and perfidy which are inevitable in the abodes of arbitrary power. In this respect, it fur. nishes a wholesome moral, and may be read with The instruction of nations is deeming fruits of crowned depravity. (2 vols. 12mo Philadelphia, A. Hart.)

" MARGARET : A TALE OF THE REAL AND THE IDEAL, BLIGHT AND BLOOM."-A new and revised dition of this unique picture of primitive New-England life has been issued in two volumes. It is introduced with a racy, characteristic preface by the author. In spite of glaring defects of execution, this work is inspired with a genuine vitality, and its insight into human experience, no less than its vivid and delicate portraitures of nature, will long make it a favorite with readers who admire the union of contemplation, pathos and humor. (Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Sold by Mason & Law)

THE MASONIC OFFERING FOR 1852" is just issued, in a very fair illustrated volume of 320 pages. It is edited by Rev. John Perry and Paschat. DONALDSON, Esq. The latter gentleman has much experience in getting up gift-books for similar Orders, and has collected some good articles from writers in and out of the pale of Masonry. (New York : Cornish, Lamport & Co.)

THE ODD-FELLOWS' TEXT-BOOK," compiled by PASCHAL DONALDSON, D. D. G. M., is a valuable collection of opinions and usages, lectures, odes, &c., pertaining to the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows in this country. (Philadelphia: Moss & Brother.)

A PROCLAMATION

By Washington Hunt, Governor of the State of N T.
The goodness of Almighty God has been signally manifested towards the people of this State during the present year. The blessings of liberty, national tranquility, and public health have been enjoyed without interruption. The fruit of the earth, in overflowing abundance, have rewarded the labors of the husbandwan. Public improvements have been advanced. The truths of knowledge and religion are more widely disfused, and our republican institutions have been preserved and strengthened.

A just sense of those beneficent dispensations should in-

universal gratitude toward our Divine Benefactor and call forth appropriate demonstrations of homage and

Therefore in compliance with usage, I respectfully recommend to the People of this State the observance of THURSDAY, the TWENTY SEVENTH DAY of NO. VEMBER NEXT, as a day of Prayer, Thanksgiving and

In witness whereof, I have hereunto affixed my hand and the privy seal of the State, this airteenth day [i.s.] of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty one.
WASHINGTON HUNT.

JAMES F. RUGGLES, Private Secretary.

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